

**Difranco Ani****"4th of July"**

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you gotta have the right tools  
for every job  
so I invite myself in  
through a hole in the fence  
I am tripping through the junkyard  
scanning over the piles  
the thin cats raise their skin in defense  
I know he's watching me  
I can see him through the cracks  
his eyes are small and shy on my back  
he says his name is jason  
he lives in the last trailer on the right  
and he'll be seven  
on the fourth of july

only the people who live here  
know the name of this place  
my path through iowa would be  
hard to trace  
all the adults in this town  
try not to frown  
when I walk by  
but jason smiled at me  
he met my eye

he don't ask me  
where I'm from  
or why I came  
here alone  
we all go looking for paradise  
then we go back home  
we cut out the small talk  
go right to the way things are  
he showed me his squirrel skull  
I told him I locked myself out of my car

so there goes the only friend  
I have in iowa  
his hand flapping behind him  
waving good-bye  
his name is jason

he lives in the last trailer on the right  
and he'll be seven  
on the fourth of july

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